

# The Rolling Taylor.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*The Rolling Sailor.*

I'M the toast of half the city,  
For my shapes I bear the BELLE;  
Tom, the Taylor, says I'm pretty;  
Tom himself looks pretty well.

*Chorus at the end of each verse.*

Oh! the handsome ROLLING TAYLOR,  
None can roll it so like he;  
Oh! my little Rolling Taylor,  
Blithe and merry may he be.

Once a noisy, roving Sailor,  
Ask'd if I his wife wou'd be;  
No, says I, the little Taylor  
Is the Lad that's made for me.

On Sunday first the Taylor saw me;  
I was trick'd out neat and nice;  
Up, then, steps my little Tommy,  
And he kiss'd me in a trice.

Oh! his kiss was sweet as honey;  
Little Tom is my delight;  
Then the rogue he looks so funny,  
In his wig, and stockings white.

Tommy thinks that I'm a heiress!  
When we're marry'd, what a pair!  
Yes, I'll be my Lady Mayorefs,  
When my Tom is made Lord Mayor.

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